☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not neccesarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

TEAR BOTTLE.

Glass, wherein a Greek girl's tears
  Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
  Is there still no tale to tell?

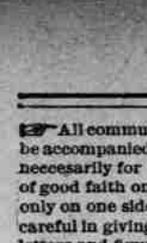
Buried with her, in her mound
  She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
  Iridescent as the dew—

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
  Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made your warm
  While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
  For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
  In your haunted heart to stir.

But your crystal lips are dumb,
  Hushed the music in your heart;
Ah, if she would only come
  Back again and bid it start!

Long is art, but life how brief!
  And the end seems so unjust;
This companion of her grief
  Here to-day, while she is dust!
—Frank Demster Sherman, in Atlantic.



THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

I did not tell her of her husband's danger, or that we suspected him of wronging her, and being, in fact, the cause of her detention. I wanted her services as a guide. That was the main point, though I was glad to be able to put her in a place of safety at the same time that we fulfilled our own mission.

She rose eagerly. "You are sure that we can get out?" she said.

"Sure," I replied, with a brevity worthy of Bezers himself.

And I was right. We trooped downstairs, making as little noise as possible; with the result that Mirepoix only took the alarm, and came upon us when we were at the outer door, bungling with the lock. Then I made short work of him, checking his scared words of remonstrance by flashing my dagger before his eyes. I induced him in the same fashion—he was fairly taken by surprise— to undo the fastenings himself; and so, bidding him follow us at his peril, we slipped out one by one. We softly closed the door behind us. And lo! we were at last free—free and in the streets of Paris, with the cool night air fanning our brows. A church hard by tolled the hour of two; and the strokes were echoed, before we had gone many steps along the ill-paved way, by the solemn tones of the bell of Notre Dame.

We were free and in the streets, with a guide who knew the way. If Bezers had not gone straight from us to his vengeance, we might thwart him yet. I strode along quickly, Mme. d'O by my side, the others a little way in front. Here and there an oil lamp, swinging from a pulley in the middle of the road, enabled us to avoid some obstacles more foul than usual, or to leap over a pool which had formed in the kennel. Even in my excitement, my country-bred senses rebelled against the sights, and smells, the noisome air and oppressive closeness of the streets.

The town was quiet, and very dark where the smoky lamps were not hanging. Yet I wondered if it ever slept, for more than once we had to stand aside to give passage to a party of men, hurrying along with links and arms. Several times, too, especially towards the end of our walk, I was surprised by the flashing of bright lights in a courtyard, the door of which stood half open to right or left. Once I saw the

Flashing my dagger before his eyes.

glow of torches reflected ruddily in the windows of a tall and splendid mansion, a little withdrawn from the street. The source of the light was in the forecourt, hidden from us by a low wall, but I caught the murmur of voices and stir of many feet. Once a gate was stealthily opened and two armed men looked out, the act and their manner of doing it, reminded me on the instant of those who had peeped out to inspect us some hours before in Bezers' house. And once, nay twice, in the mouth of a narrow alley I discerned a knot of men standing motionless in the gloom. There was an air of mystery abroad, a feeling as of solemn stir and preparation going on under cover of the darkness, which awed and unnerved me.

But I said nothing of this, and Mme. d'O was equally silent. Like most countrymen I was ready to believe in any exaggeration of the city's late hours, the more as she made no remark. I supposed—shaking off the momentary impression—that what I saw was innocent and normal. Besides, I was thinking what I should say to Pavannes when I saw him—in what terms I should warn him of his peril, and cast his perfidy in his teeth.

We had hurried along in this way—and in absolute silence, save when some obstacle or pitfall drew from us an exclamation—for about a quarter of a mile, when my companion, turning into a slightly wider street, slackened her speed, and indicated by a gesture that we had arrived. A lamp hung over the porch, to which she pointed, and showed the small side gate half opened. We were close behind the other three now. I saw Croisette stoop to enter, and as quickly fall back a pace. Why?

In a moment it flashed across my mind that we were too late—that the vidame had been before us.

And yet how quiet it all was.

Then I breathed freely again. I saw that Croisette had only stepped back to avoid some one who was coming out—the coadjutor, in fact. The moment the entrance was clear, the lad shot in, and the others after him, the priest taking no notice of them, nor they of him.

I was for going in, too, when I felt Mme. d'O's hand tighten suddenly on my arm, and then fall from it. Apprised of something by this, I glanced at the priest's face, catching sight of it by chance just as his eyes met hers. His face was white—nay, it was ugly with disappointment and rage, bitter, snarling rage, that was hardly human. He grasped her by the arm roughly and twisted her round without ceremony, so as to draw her a few paces aside; yet not so far that I could not hear what they said.

"He is not here!" he hissed. "Do you understand? He crossed the river to the Faubourg St. Germain at nightfall—searching for her. And he has not come back! He is on the other side of the water, and midnight has struck this hour past!"

She stood silent for a moment, as if she had received a blow—silent and dismayed. Something serious had happened. I could see that.

"He cannot recross the river now?" she said, after a time. "The gates—"

"Shut!" he replied, briefly. "The keys are at the Louvre."

"And the boats are on this side?"

"Every boat!" he answered, striking his one hand on the other with violence. "Every boat! No one may cross until it is over."

"And the Faubourg St. Germain?" she said, in a lower voice.

"There will be nothing done there. Nothing!"

CHAPTER VII.

A YOUNG KNIGHT-ERRANT.

I would gladly have left the two together, and gone straight into the house. I was eager now to discharge the errand on which I had come so far; and apart from this I had no liking for the priest or wish to overhear his talk. His anger, however, was so patent, and the rudeness with which he treated Mme. d'O so pronounced that I felt I could not leave her with him unless she should dismiss me. So I stood patiently enough — and awkwardly enough, too, I daresay—by the door, while they talked on in subdued tones. Nevertheless, I felt heartily glad when at length, the discussion ending, madame came back to me. I offered her my arm to help her over the wooden foot of the side gate. She laid her hand on it, but she stood still.

"M. de Caylus," she said; and at that stopped. Naturally I looked at her, and our eyes met. Hers brown and beautiful, shining in the light of the lamp overhead, looked into mine. Her lips were half parted, and one fair tress of hair had escaped from her hood. "M. de Caylus, will you do me a favor?" she resumed, softly, "a favor for which I shall always be grateful?"

I sighed. "Madame," I said, earnestly, for I felt the solemnity of the occasion, "I swear that in ten minutes, if the task I now have in hand be finished, I will devote my life to your service. For the present—"

"Well, for the present? But it is the present I want, Master Discretion."

"I must see M. de Pavannes! I am pledged to it," I ejaculated.

"To see M. de Pavannes?"

"Yes."

I was conscious that she was looking at me with eyes of doubt, almost of suspicion.

"Why? Why?" she asked, with evident surprise. "You have restored—and nearly frightened me to death in doing it—his wife to her home; what more do you want with him, most valiant knight-errant?"

"I must see him," I said, firmly. I would have told her all and been thankful, but the priest was within hearing—or barely out of it; and I had seen too much pass between him and Bezers to be willing to say anything before him.

"You must see M. de Pavannes?" she repeated, gazing at me.

"I must," I replied, with decision.

"Then you shall. That is exactly what I am going to help you to do," she exclaimed. "He is not here. That is what is the matter. He went out at nightfall seeking news of his wife, and crossed the river, the coadjutor says, to the Faubourg St. Germain. Now it is of the utmost importance that he should return before morning—return here."

"But is he not here?" I said, finding all my calculations at fault. "You are sure of it, madame?"

"Quite sure," she answered, rapidly. "Your brothers will have by this time discovered the fact. Now, M. de Caylus, Pavannes must be brought here before morning, not only for his wife's sake—though she will be wild with anxiety—but also—"

"I know," I said, eagerly, interrupting her, "for his own, too! There is a danger threatening him."

She turned swiftly, as if startled, and I turned, and we looked at the priest. I thought we understood one another. "There is," she answered, softly, "and I would save him from that danger; but he will only be safe, as I happen to know, here! Here, you understand! He must be brought here before daybreak, M. de Caylus. He must! He must!" she exclaimed, her beautiful features hardening with the earnestness of her feelings. "And the coadjutor cannot go. I cannot go. There is only one man who can save him, and that is yourself. There is, above all, not a moment to be lost."

My thoughts were in a whirl. Even as she spoke she began to walk back the way we had come, her hand on my arm; and I, doubtful and in a confused way unwilling, went with her. I did not clearly understand the position. I would have wished to go in and confer with Marie and Croisette; but the juncture had occurred so quickly, and it might be that time was as valuable as she said, and—well, it was hard for me, a lad, to refuse her anything when she looked at me with appeal in her eyes. I did manage to stammer: "But I do not know Paris. I could not find my way, I am afraid, and it is night, madame."

She released my arm and stopped. "Night!" she cried, with a scoruful ring in her voice. "Night! I thought you were a man, not a boy! You are afraid!"

"Afraid," I said, hotly; "we Caylus' are never afraid."

"Then I can tell you the way, if that be your only difficulty. We turn here. Now, come in with me a moment," she continued, "and I will give you something you will need—and your directions."

She had stopped at the door of a tall, narrow house, standing between larger ones in a street which appeared to me to be more airy and important than any I had yet seen. As she spoke, she rang the bell once, twice, thrice. The silvery tinkle had scarcely died away the third time before the door opened silently; I saw no one, but she drew me into a narrow hall or passage. A taper in an embossed holder was burning on a chest. She took it up, and, telling me to follow her, led the way lightly up the stairs, and into a room, half parlor, half bedroom—such a room as I had never seen before. It was richly hung from ceiling to floor with blue silk, and lighted by the soft rays of lamps shaded by Venetian globes of delicate hues. The scent of cedarwood was in the air, and on the hearth in a velvet tray were some tiny puppies. A dainty disorder reigned everywhere. On one table a jewel case stood open, on another lay some lace garments, two or three masks and a fan. A gemmed riding whip and a silver-hilted poniard hung on the same peg. And, strangest of all, huddled away behind the door, I espied a plain, black-sheathed sword and a man's gauntlets.

She did not wait a moment, but went at once to the jewel case. She took from it a gold ring—a heavy seal ring. She held this out to me in the most matter-of-fact way—scarcely turning, in fact. "Put it on your finger," she said, hurriedly. "If you are stopped by soldiers, or if they will not give you a boat to cross the river, say boldly that you are on the king's service. Call for the officer and show that ring. Play the man. Bid him stop you at his peril!"

I hastily muttered my thanks, and she as hastily took something from a drawer, and tore it into strips. Before I knew what she was doing she was on her knees by me, fastening a white band of linen round my left sleeve. Then she took my cap, and with the same precipitation fixed a fragment of the same stuff in it, in the form of a rough cross.

"There," she said. "Now, listen, M. de Caylus. There is more afoot to-night than you know of. These badges will help you across to St. Germain, but the moment you land, tear them off. Tear them off, remember. They will help you no longer. You will come back by the same boat, and will not need them. If you are seen to wear them as you return, they will command no respect, but on the contrary will bring you—and perhaps me—into trouble."

"I understand," I said, "but—"

"You must ask no questions," she retorted, waving one snowy finger before my eyes. "My knight-errant must have faith in me, as I have in him; or he would not be here at this time of night, and alone with me. But remember this also. When you meet Pavannes do not say you come from me. Keep that in your mind; I will explain the reason afterwards. Say merely that his wife is found, and is wild with anxiety about him. If you say anything as to his danger he may refuse to come. Men are obstinate."

I nodded a smiling assent, thinking I understood. At the same time I permitted myself in my own mind a little discretion. Pavannes was not a fool, and the name of the vidame—but, however, I should see. I had more to say to him than she knew of. Meanwhile she explained very carefully the three turnings I had to take to reach the river, and the wharf where boats most commonly lay, and the name of the house in which I should find M. de Pavannes.

"He is at the Hotel de Bailli," she said. "And there, I think that is all."

"No, not all," I said hardily. "There is one thing I have not got. And that is a sword!"

She followed the direction of my eyes, started, and laughed—a little oddly. But she fetched the weapon. "Take it, and do not," she urged, "do not lose time. Do not mention me to Pavannes. Do not let the white badges be seen as you return. That is really all. And now good luck!" She gave me her hand to kiss. "Good luck, my knight-errant, good luck—and come back to me soon!"

She smiled divinely, as it seemed to me, as she said these last words, and the same smile followed me downstairs; for she leaned over the stairhead with one of the lamps in her hand, and directed me how to draw the bolts. I took one backward glance as I did so at the fair stooping figure above me, the shining eyes, and tiny out-stretched hand, and then darting into the gloom I hurried on my way.

I was in a strange mood. A few minutes before I had been at Pavannes' door, at the end of our journey; on the verge of success. I had been within an ace, as I supposed at least, of executing my errand. I had held the cup of success in my hand. And it had slipped. Now the conflict had to be fought over again; the danger to be faced. It would have been no more than natural if I had felt the disappointment keenly; if I had almost despaired.

But it was otherwise—far otherwise. Never had my heart beat higher or more proudly than as I now hurried through the streets, avoiding such groups as were abroad in them, and intent only on observing the proper turnings. Never in any moment of triumph in after days, in love or war, did anything like the exhilaration the energy, the spirit, of those minutes come back to me. I had a woman's badge in my cap—for the first time—the music of her voice in my ears. I had a magic ring on my finger; a talisman on my arm. My sword was at my side again. All round me lay a misty city of adventure, of danger and romance, full of the richest and most beautiful possibilities; a city of real witchery, such as I had read of in stories, through which those fairy gifts and my right hand should guide me safely. I did not even regret my brothers, or our separation. I was the eldest. It was fitting that the cream of the enterprise should be reserved for me, Anne de Caylus. And to what might it not lead? I fancy I saw myself already a duke and a peer of France—already I held the baton.

Yet while I exulted boyishly, I did not forget what I was about. I kept my eyes open, and soon remarked that the number of people passing to and fro in the dark streets had much increased within the last half hour. The silence in which, in groups or singly, these figures stole by me was very striking. I heard no brawling, fighting or singing, yet if it were not too late for these things, why were so many people up and about? I began to count presently, and found that at least half of those I met wore badges in their hats and on their arms, similar to mine, and that they all moved with a business-like air, as if bound for some rendezvous.

I was not a fool, though I was young, and in some matters less quick than Croisette. The hints which had been dropped by so many had not been lost on me. "There is more afoot to-night than you know of!" Mme. d'O had said. And having eyes as well as ears I fully believed it. Something was afoot. Something was going to happen in Paris before morning. But what, I wondered. Could it be that a rebellion was about to break out? If so I was on the king's service, and all was well. I might even be going—and only 18—to make history! Or was it only a brawl on a great scale between two parties of nobles? I had heard of such things happening in Paris. Then—well I did not see how I could act in that case. I must be guided by events.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Able Conjurer.

Burmese conjurers are rather clever in excuses. One sold to a man a talisman to make him invulnerable. The conjurer let the customer have several cuts at his arm with a knife, and these cuts produced no effect. The customer paid a good price, went home, bared his arm, drew his knife, and asked his wife to make a chop at him. She nearly hacked his arm off. He therefore went back in a rage to the conjurer, who only said: "Ah, the lady is in an interesting situation which entirely nullifies all charms." — Longman's Magazine.

—A dream of a broad clean path means long-continued good health.

LIQUOR FROM THE CACTUS.

Tizwin, the Favorite Tipple of Southwestern Indians.

Tizwin is the intoxicant produced among the most uncivilized Indian tribes that live away up in the mountains, over 200 miles from civilization, on the border land between Arizona and Mexico. It is made from the fruit of the giant cactus of the hot deserts of the southwest territories, known as sahuara fruit. Tizwin is in common use or abuse among the southern Arizona Indian tribes. The fluid has recently been analyzed by the scientific experts sent to the southwest by the Smithsonian institution to study the mode of life of the most primitive savages in the union. It has been found beyond any doubt that the tizwin of the Indians to-day is manufactured in exactly the same way as in the days of the aborigines of this region long before the white men came to these shores from the old world.

Thus another stigma is removed from the long-suffering white man, who has been accused by the Bostonians of teaching his poor red brother the use of fire water. With the facts before us it appears not only probable, but certain, that for years before Columbus discovered America and contracted the disgraceful habit of chewing and smoking tobacco from the natives, the art of painting things red was well known in the quiet streets of the Zuni villages and the avenues of the seven cities of Cibola. It was doubtless, even at that venerable date, no uncommon sight for the good savage housewife to see the partner of her joys and sorrows come reeling to the doorstep making night hideous with drunken song.

The sahuara (Cereus giganteus) is the largest and most remarkable of the cactus family, and is peculiar to Arizona. Travelers through the territory see thousands of these giant tree cacti from the car windows. They abound in the hot, sandy wastes. The sahuara blossoms in October and early November, having large, starlike flowers of pure white, with a golden center. In December the fruit is ripe. It is pearshaped, being attached to the limb at its pointed end, and when mature turns a brilliant red and splits open at the top and sides, like a chestnut burr, exposing to view a luscious red morsel of pulp filled with minute black seeds. It resembles strawberry jam. In taste it is slightly like the raspberry, though not so sweet.

As soon as the fruit ripens the squaws and children travel miles over mountain and plain to gather it in large baskets, which they carry on their heads. As these giant cacti are from 10 to 50 feet in height, much of the fruit is out of their reach and is left for the woodpeckers and bluejays, which are extravagantly fond of it, and frequently indulge to such an extent as to become stupefied and unable to fly for a time. The squaws, however, easily gather as much as they want from the smaller plants by means of long, thin poles, with hooks lashed at the ends, with which they pull down the fruit.

The gathered fruit is deposited day by day at a common center, where it is pressed and the juice collected into large earthen ollas, where a modicum of water is added. These ollas are stored in a closed, dark room, where a slow fire is kept up for several days until the liquid begins to show a foam on top, which is a sign that it is fermenting. It has then attained the desired intoxicating power, and word passes from mouth to mouth and from village to village.

As soon as the welcome news arrives all hands knock off various other kinds of loafing and hasten to the tizwin camp to put in their time around the improvised barroom, stupefying themselves with frequent draughts of the liquor and dancing or fighting between drinks. The squaws and children, who are never allowed to join in the revelry, manage to get their fun out of the affair by climbing to the low roofs of the wickiups and viewing the drunken revels of their lords and masters. Thus the orgie continues night and day until the supply is exhausted; and by this time the passions of the Indians, naturally fierce and cruel, having been inflamed a hundredfold, some one in the crowd utters a war whoop, and they leap on their ponies and are off on a raid against the whites.

The Apache at best is but a devil, but when his blood is heated with tizwin the father of evil himself is a refined gentleman in comparison.

As sahuara fruit ripens only once a year, it is a whole twelvemonth between drinks with the Indians, and all their worst outbreaks have occurred in the tizwin camp. The old settlers who still manage to worry along in this sunny clime have good reason to remember tizwin time and its regular recurrence every summer. To them it recalls many a fierce outbreak of the bloodthirsty Apaches.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Change.

Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—I suppose that, with the coming of eastern people, the manners and customs of this region are gradually growing more like those of older and more conservative communities?

Alkali Ike—Yes; f'rinstance, it has already got so that it haint no longer considered good form to propose to a widow at her husband's funeral, no matter how pretty she is.—N. Y. Journal.